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A MODEL AND A WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AGNES TREMORNE."

(Concluded.)

He bowed to Mrs. Elton, and said, "I myself do not think the picture has done justice to the original in all points. To ensure success and produce a true likeness would require a profounder comprehension of the art than I can pretend to."

There was a double meaning in these words, which hit home. Nellie's face was covered with indignant blushes, but she could not speak. She felt the most humiliating of all feelings to a woman, that she was in a false position, and could not extricate herself.

"I understand, now," continued Mrs. Elton. "why Jim and you have been more than usually confidential and mysterious the last week or two. Is this picture for him?"

"Yes, yes," said Nellie, impatiently, wishing herself a hundred miles off.

But all was not over yet. Jane Elton had been occupying herself by looking about her at the rooms and furniture. She now ran back to Nellie, while Herbert stood by Mrs. Elton, as she was examining the sketches in a portfolio.

"I see now," she said, "why Annina and you have been so busy sewing curtains, and choosing carpets and tapestry. Could not your ladyship come to a studio till you had furnished it?"

This was said in a loud whisper, and Nellie hoped Herbert had not heard it.

"You are a good, kind creature, Nell," rattled on the unsuspecting girl, "that's the truth. Jim told me Mr. Herbert ought to have had your fortune, but for Mr. Spencer's whim about the name, and that you want to make it up to him."

Nellie could hear no more. She jumped up; she could not endure the accusing look fixed on her.

"I must say good-bye. I think I hear the carriage," she said, and put on her hat and veil.

It was the carriage, and James Elton was in it. When he entered the studio he saw that all was discovered, and that Herbert looked fearfully angry. Of all the forgone insinuations which made the truth so inexpressibly bitter to him, Jim was entirely ignorant.

Nellie looked timidly towards Herbert as she moved to the door.

"Our sittings are over," he said, as he bowed coldly to her. "I will send you the picture in a few days."

"Is it finished?" asked Mrs. Elton.

"Quite finished."

"Wait, Nell; we will go with you."

James handed in the ladies and returned. Herbert was painting with great zeal.

"Are you vexed, John?"

"Why?" said Herbert, carelessly. "Miss Spencer wished, no doubt, to be very kind, but she has mistaken the object of her benevolence, and I confess the motive of her masquerade is and will probably always remain a mystery to me; but of course that is no reason why I should be vexed."

"But you look so, John."

"Are you and I friends, Jim?"

"Are we not?"

"Why could you not have told me?"

Herbert referred to Elton's engagement, but Elton understood him as to the identity of the pseudo-Italian and Nellie.

"I promised I would not—a girl's whim, that's all."

"It does not matter now."

Herbert tried to say something about wishes for their happiness, but a tightness in his throat choked him.

"If you only knew, John, how she wishes to serve you—"

"Thanks. No man or woman living has a right to confer favors on me."

His eyes flashed with haughty indignation.

"When does Mrs. Elton leave Rome?"

"In a week or ten days—it is not finally settled."

Herbert remained silent, and went on working with a ferocious kind of vigor, and Jim thought it best to leave him, as he obtained nothing but monosyllabic replies to his remarks. A few days afterwards Miss Spencer received her portrait. With it were two exquisitely finished landscapes, framed in the most elaborate and artistic carving, and a note containing these few lines:

"I shall be glad if you think these pictures will acquit my debt to you. I wish you every happiness, and am rejoiced that at last you permit me to do so in your true character. Farewell. JOHN HERBERT."

No answer was sent to this letter; but James, who found Nellie in tears over it, went to John to expostulate with him. He found the studio locked; the artist had gone to Albano.

CHAPTER IV.

A week afterwards Elton called again, and found that Herbert had returned. He was looking dreadfully ill, and James could see the traces of many struggles and much mental as well as physical suffering on his face.

When he entered the studio, Herbert was standing before the sketch of Nellie as "Notre dame de bon Secours;" but he turned away savagely and covered it. It was torture to him that Jim should see what a fool he was. He had so scorned love, and now—no, no, it could not be love—he would forget it entirely, and devote himself more diligently than ever to art.

"I thought you was to leave Rome this week, Elton?"

"I am not dreaming of going away."

"I thought you accompanied your aunt and sisters?"

"No, I am going to stay."

There was a silence, and a look of pain passed over Herbert's face.

"Why do you stay, Jim?"

"Because I am anxious about some one in Rome."

Herbert did not answer, but the compression of his lips and the contraction of his forehead showed how much he suffered.

"Come to England, John."

"You know it is impossible. Do your cousins and Miss Spencer leave Rome this week?"

His lips blanched as he said the word Spencer.

"In a week, I think, or thereabouts."

"And you do not go with them?"

"No."

"How short and surly you are, Jim."

"Don't provoke me, Herbert."

"Dear old fellow," said Herbert, in the boyish and caressing tone which mingled with his more serious moods, "I know you are vexed with me, and yet you are going to brave the summer heat, which you so dislike, because you think as ill of my state of health as I do myself. I am not the cold-blooded wretch you think. I accept your kindness, and thank you for it from my heart."

James Elton was moved, but he was too seriously displeased to answer. He merely nodded, and left the studio, muttering that Nellie expected him. He thought Herbert was a brute to Nellie, and yet—After he was gone, Herbert sat for a few minutes in deep thought; he then rose, and again uncovering Nellie's picture, stood before it.

"Notre Dame de bon Secours," he murmured, "but not for me."

He would not look again, and turning resolutely away, he sat down to the study he wished to finish. In the study, he had put the broken column, with the passion-flower crowning it, which he had sketched at Mrs. Elton's. The train of thought which it roused was too painful, and he put it aside. John Herbert was in love at last; but his pride had been wounded to the quick. That Nellie, happy in her engagement with James, would seek to play the part of Lady Bountiful to him, was unendurable. Elton's kindness itself was a torture in certain moods. He had just now, acting on the impulse of the moment, accepted and thanked him for his kind-

ness; now, it was a positive pain to look forward to the time to come for him to be free to return to Nellie, and she waiting eagerly for the consummation of her happiness which his death was to seal.

"I feel that I shall not detain him long," he muttered.

Herbert sat for some time lost in the fluctuation of his feelings; but the heat became so suffocating, his power of commanding himself was so overcome by physical weakness, added to mental torture, that he found he could not work. He thought the fresh air of the Campagna would revive him. He left his studio, and jumping into a *fiacre*, told the coachman to drive out of the Porta Salara. He had entirely forgotten it was the first of May, and that it was the day the German artists celebrate by a procession and a picnic in the Campagna. His coachman, however, had not forgotten it, and he pushed on his poor jaded, wearied hacks till they reached a large assembly of persons who had met on that part of the plain which is near Poussin's rocks.

Every year the German artists and students hold a merry festival in the open air. They keep as closely as possible to the traditions of their fatherland. They wear mediæval fancy dresses, they have a president enthroned on a fanciful car, and all are decorated with swords, or rather with scabbards, for the weapon inside is a very bloodless one—a mere wooden blade, with the device, "Thou shalt not kill," emblazoned in large Gothic characters on it.

Bright colors, pretty women, picturesque costumes; over all, the Roman sky, with its serene and changeless blue; beneath all, the earth, with its carpet of wild flowers and tender vernal grass; and around all that balmy, lucid air, which it is a positive enjoyment to breathe, and which seems to soothe sorrow as much as it heals pain.

After the jovial dinner, which was eaten picnic fashion on the grass, about a dozen young men disappeared a few minutes, and then, with sudden burst of sound, the beautiful well-tutored voices sang a chorus composed for the occasion.

One person in a group among the listeners was moved to tears. Nellie, with Mrs. Elton, and her daughters were present. The music had touched her as few things could have done, and her tears fell fast. She moved away, and wandered over the grass till she found she had reached the other side of the mound at the foot of which all the gay company was assembled. It was a respite to her to find herself alone, and she went on, till she stood behind a clump of trees, which entirely shut out from her the revelers below, though fragmentary chords from the music rose with a sweetness made more touching by the breaks and pauses caused by the distance.

Nellie was in a very despondent state of mind. She had failed in her plan, and failure is always bitter. Nellie was a charming creature; but charming creatures, let me whisper it in your ear, are often self-willed and proud. Nellie was *very* proud, and she had not been accustomed to find herself baffled; nay, it seemed very like being twice baffled. Yes, the ugly thought would come; she turned pale as she reflected on it, and then the paleness gave way to a warm indignant blush.

It never occurred to Nellie that any one could misunderstand her relations with James. He was her brother, her guardian, her old friend (not such an old friend as Herbert, though); but such a staid, steady fellow could never be thought of in any other capacity but that of adviser, consolator, guide. It was sweet, however, to have such an affection to fall back on. He loved Herbert, too, so dearly; and Herbert had accepted his offer of remaining with him—that was one comfort.

While she was thus musing, a slow step at her side made her look up, and a voice suddenly addressed her, "Miss Spencer! is it possible?"

It was Herbert. He had got out of his carriage and sent it away, while he wandered as far as he could from the gay pleasure-seekers below. Nellie recovered herself at once.

"Why impossible, Mr. Herbert?"

"I could not fancy you would be left alone."

"Why should I have less liberty than other people? I was a little tired, and I fancied I could enjoy the music better here," Nellie answered, petulantly. It is often a woman's armor when she feels most weak and humble.

"What a pathos underlies their gayest songs with the Germans, do you not think so?" He plunged at once into a subject which could be impersonal, for there was a tone in her voice which stung him.

"Yes, it is very perceptible in such a chorus as this, which is joyous and genial, but in which there is a depth so different from the light sparkling *brindisi* of an Italian composer."

"Yes; the Italians have much more single-mindedness, or single-heartedness, if it may be so called, than we have; they love, hate, enjoy, suffer with a more simple wholeness than we Northerners."

"There is not that mingling of opposing currents; with us even in joy there is perceptible a yearning for the unattained and unattainable; and in our grief there is always a note of aspiration, of victory."

"If I may speak as a painter, the Italians know blue and red—the Germans understand violet and orange."

"I suppose the perfect individual would be one who manages the whole scale of color, blends hope with grief, humanity with joy."

"It is the same with the countenance; how plainly we read these expressive faces around us; our northern ones are almost inscrutable."

"Nellie thought so too, and wished she could read Herbert's. He was so pale, he looked so ill, and yet in his eyes was a troubled gleam whenever he met hers, which gave a fire and glow to his whole face. She had a dim consciousness that no man who was utterly indifferent towards her could so have looked. But his words and manners belied his eyes. Both felt too constrained, however, to prolong the interview, and they rose and turned their steps downwards."

They walked side by side with drooping eyes and silent lips; with the same sad thought in the hearts of each, that it was certainly the last time that they should so walk together.

Oh! if the earth on which we tread could be conscious of the feelings which make heavy the once light foot, or if the sky could guess why our eyes turn away from its blue arch, it might be that a voice of comfort and consolation would be heard to whisper to us. But it never may be so; and now, as ever, all nature was silent and un pitying; and Herbert and Nellie never forgot the misery of that walk, the smiling recklessness of the sunny scene around them, nor the relentless serenity of the blue above them.

When they reached the Eltons, Jim was startled at seeing them together. He anxiously perused their faces to see if there had been pardon or reconciliation; but they were both so pale and sad he saw there was no change. Herbert said a few words of civil greeting and then took his leave.

Every one was beginning to move, and the carriages were assembled. Nellie had come in her own carriage with Mrs. Elton and the two girls, and Elton on the box; but a lady and her son had joined the party, and there was some hesitation as to how they could be accommodated. Nellie settled it in a moment. She said she would walk part of the way with Elton, and the first empty vehicle that could be found was to be sent back for her. She was rejoiced at the prospect of the quiet *tele-a-tele* with Elton, instead of the chattering of his sisters and the platitudes of his aunt.

Nellie drew down her veil and walked silently beside Jim. He commenced making some observations on the day, but she was silent, and his remarks remained unanswered. At last she said:

"When will you write to me, Jim?"

"As soon as you please, Nellie."

"I rely on your writing to me very often long letters, telling me all you do, where you go, who you see—how Herbert is." Her voice sank as she added the last injunction.

"I promise you, Nellie."

Elton's brave heart felt a pang, but he conquered nobly. All he did was precious in her eyes now, because through him she would hear of Herbert. The most unselfish of mortals could not be insensible to the sting of such a thought, but he was too generous to allow it to rankle.

Gradually the distance between them and the few pedestrians besides themselves increased, and they were left to almost utter solitude.

"You will be very tired, I fear, Nellie," said Jim, observing her languid and spiritless step.

"No; but I wish we could never reach Rome."

"I fear it will be very late before we shall do so. It is so difficult to find carriages at this hour."

Presently a speck in the distance became visible, approaching them; it came nearer, enlarged, and they saw a common *callesse*, driven by a rustic looking man, and drawn by a spirited but restive horse. Elton hailed it. Would the man take them to Rome, or would he—for Elton saw there was only place for two—follow them on foot, and repossess himself of his equipage after it deposited Elton and Nellie at home?

The man demurred; he was going back to his own house. It was late, and to return would oblige him to pass a night in Rome; however, on promise of an adequate remuneration for all this inconvenience, he consented. Elton handed Nellie in, and jumped in himself, the man holding the horse meanwhile.

The horse evidently did not like retracing his steps from the pleasant road leading to his stable and supper. His bells and scarlet tassels shook most ominously; and the curious gilt hook which rises from the collar of the barbaric Roman harness, and to which was, as usual, appended a tuft of fiery looking feathers, matching the tuft fastened on his forehead, nodded very viciously from side to side as he felt the bit and reins.

"What a brute!" said Elton; "he will pull my wrists off." Nellie, to whom the very sensation of physical fear was unknown, could not help laughing at the contest. "Hush, Nellie, for God's sake! If he kicks, we are done for; and there are some ugly bits of road between us and Rome. They are making a new road in a more direct line from the gate; and where it meets this one there is a sharp turn, which might be awkward, for on one side it suddenly falls several feet."

The shocks and strains which the little *callesse* had endured seemed to try its springs to the utmost, as the horse would gallop for a few yards and then plunge and swerve in the most headlong manner.

"It is quite useless, Nell. You must jump out. Here, my good fellow," said Elton to a man whom they were overtaking, "hold his head for a minute."

The man turned; it was Herbert. He obeyed, and stood in the path as the horse came up, and held him.

"Nellie, jump out," called Jim, almost throwing her from the carriage as he leaped out himself.

Nellie was so confused and bewildered that she lost her presence of mind. She stumbled and fell, fortunately clear of the carriage. The horse, held in for a moment, swerved aside, and then, with headlong fury, plunged onwards. In a moment *callesse* and horse were in the gap.

Herbert and Elton raised Nellie. She was stunned by her fall.

"Lift her," said James. "I will go to that accursed horse; but you must carry her down the bank yonder. I think there is a little rill of water there."

Herbert did not say that the horse's sudden swerving had bruised and nearly dislocated his shoulder. He lifted Nellie and carried her to the stream. When Nellie came to her senses, her hat was off her face, her hair wet, but she saw no one. She called James.

"James is with the horse," said Herbert. She then found he was standing leaning against the bank, but he did not turn round.

"Who brought me here?"

"James told me to do so." His voice was very weak and low.

"Again!" muttered Nellie, "again I owe my life to him. How unfortunate I am. He has no right to do it."

"No right, Miss Spencer!" said Herbert, who had turned round and showed a face so deathly pale that Nellie was awestruck. She could not continue her reproach—half jest, half earnest—but approached him frightened and penitent. At this moment a carriage advanced towards them, which proved to be the one sent by Mrs. Elton, with Nellie's own servant on the box.

James having found the *callesse* shattered to pieces, and the horse reduced to docility from fright, bade the servant lead it on to Rome, and Nellie and he got into the other carriage. Herbert would have turned away, but Elton made him get in too.

"Are you sure you are not hurt?" said James to Nellie.

"No; only shaken and bruised."

"What an end to our day of pleasure!" continued Jim; but the two other occupants of the carriage were perfectly silent, and he said no more.

When they arrived at Via Gregoriana, Nellie was assisted out by James. She turned round and looked wistfully at Herbert, but after one glance he had turned away.

"God bless him! he has saved my life again," she said, as she and Elton went in, having given orders for the coachman to drop Herbert at his studio.

After stopping for half an hour to explain matters to Mrs. Elton, James went home, and then thought he would go and see after Herbert, whose looks and silence had alarmed him.

At the door there was a little crowd, and the carriage which had taken him home was still in the street, while the coachman was answering questions right and left.

"What is it?" he asked.

A dozen voices replied, that the signor forestiere had fainted, and had been obliged to be carried into his studio. That he was dying, if not dead.

James rushed up stairs—the studio was full of persons; but Herbert was not there. He pushed open the door of the bedroom—there were some people busy about the bed—on it John Herbert lay, with blood staining his lips. He had broken a blood-vessel.

"It is all over, dear fellow," he whispered, in a hoarse voice; "but tell her I loved her. You will forgive me, I know, for I have never let her see it. I knew she was yours; but why not tell me, Jim?"

"Mine! God help you, Herbert, how could you be so deceived? I love her, as you may guess, but Nellie has no feeling for me but regard, friendship; and confidence. I saw it at once, and have never breathed a word of my feelings to her."

A strange, wild light gleamed in Herbert's eyes, but only for a moment. "Tell her, then, I loved her, darling Nellie."

The revulsion of feeling was too strong, and he fainted again.

Elton had sent for the best surgeon in Rome, and he arrived, fortunately, almost immediately. After three or four hours of great peril the effusion of blood was staunch, and the case pronounced not entirely hopeless. Constant watching was enjoined. Weakness and fever were both to be guarded against, but if all went well the enforced care and repose might, so said the great authority, restore his health, which evidently had been much shaken.

"Dear Nell," wrote Elton, "I cannot leave Herbert; his exertions to-day have ended in a broken blood-vessel. Do not be frightened; great care is required, but the worst of the danger is over. He was in great peril for some hours. I shall not leave him for a day or two. Take care of yourself. I will send you another bulletin tomorrow. How he loves you, Nell! He had got some preposterous nonsense into his head before; but when he thought it was all over with him, he held me to him and whispered, with what we all thought was his last breath, 'Tell her how I loved her. Darling Nellie.' Will this bring back the

color to your cheek, and the light to your eyes? It was all a mistake before!"

The leader of a forlorn hope, the martyr in his shirt of fire, have rarely overcome self more nobly and entirely than did James Elton when he wrote the last few sentences of his letter. He dispatched it at ten o'clock, and composed himself for the night, leaving the door between the bedroom and the studio half open, that air might enter the room during the warm May night.

Herbert continued asleep; the exhaustion was so great, and nature was also asserting her right to replace the rest he had so mercilessly robbed himself of for so many months and years. Elton was dozing, too, he it said; in fact, good, patient Elton was tired out, but it was a very slight doze, for he started to his feet on hearing a sound of a passer-by in the street. All was quiet again. He had heard, about ten minutes after the movement in the street, a slight rustle in the curtains at the opposite side of the bed, but he fancied it was the window, or some outer door beyond, which had admitted a little air, and he did not move.

About dawn Herbert awoke. He moaned a little, and with the vague unrest of weakness, stretched out his arms. A hand held a cup with a cordial to his lips.

"Thank you, Jim," he said, and pressed the hand. It was so soft and small that he involuntarily opened his eyes. A female figure was bending over him; there was tender compassion, but there was something more solemn and more exalted in those divine eyes.

"*Notre Dame de bon Secours!* Oh, if I dream may I never wake again." His senses seemed swaying to and fro on the verge of delirium. It was a low but mortal voice which replied—

"Was all the debt to be mine, Herbert? were you to save my life twice, and this time at the risk of your own, and was I never to prove that I was grateful to you—that I loved you?"

The last words were added in compliance with the wild and questioning ardor in the hollow eyes which were fixed on her, and then she bent low over his hand, and Herbert felt Nellie's tears fall fast on it.

Six months afterwards John Herbert was painting at his great picture. He was paler, thinner, but the whole man looked vivified into health and happiness. He and Nellie had been married a month. It was November, and they had returned to Rome.

"How are you getting on, Herbert?" said Elton.

"Famously; but when did you arrive?"

"Only last night. I am en route to the East."

"Nonsense," said a voice from the loggia, and there, framed in by the hanging tendrils of the tardy vine, Nellie looked down upon them, radiant with beauty and beautiful with joy.

"I will not hear of your going, dear old Jim," she said; "you must stay this winter with us. We will make you so happy."

"You have the right model at last, Herbert," said Elton, with a strange, wistful look.

"Yes, thanks to you, Jim, a model and a wife. I owe you both."

Herbert never attained to great precision or order, but he became a great painter, and in all his pictures there was the same noble head, with its deep and spiritual eyes, and its lovely, loving mouth. He and Nell were happy though married.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

Geneva—Switzerland—if she cannot have grand opera, is determined to make a musical sensation with a grand organ, and therefore opened at St. Paul's Cathedral there, a new one constructed by Merklin, Schutze and & Co., with solemn fest, in which distinguished organists and musicians participated, by express invitation from the Consistory.

Mr. Goldberg sent a copy of his song, "*Appellez moi toujours ma soeur*" to Eugénie—Empress of the French, and was rewarded by a most flattering letter from her, in which she thanked him for the

grateful feeling that induced his setting of those heart-spoken words to music.

Victoria, Regina, sent Mr. Gaskin of Dublin, in return for Earl Carlisle's life, not only her thanks but £20, beside, which he probably deemed a very substantial token of her satisfaction with his biographical offering to a queen.

At Sydenham Palace, on July 11th they had another great ballad concert with Grisi, Parepa, Santley, Reeves, Miss Edmonds, and Levy for cornet work, beside illuminations. All for one shilling. On the Saturday after, the music of "*Iphigenia in Tauris*," given by Titiens, Gunz, Santley, &c., cost five shillings to hear, because it was "classical."

Milan rumors specify nine operas to be produced in Europe next season, viz: Verdi's "*Don Carlos*," Pacini's "*Le Streghe di Hofbou*," Miceli's "*Il Convito di Boldassare*," Pacini's "*Monaldarea*," Quaterrez's "*Eloisa von Cleve*," Pincherle's "*I promessi Sposi*," Borioli's "*Il Romito di Legnaro*," La Villa's "*Rosmonda*" and Bazzini's "*Turando*." Their place of performance is not stated and if peace do not speedily return to afflicted Europe, few of them will probably have that honor.

Louis Napoleon will, no doubt inaugurate his Académie with Verdi's newest grand opera, but all else depends upon the doubtful fortunes of war.

The London Musical World's Vienna correspondence says on June 23d,—before Austria had succumbed in a terrible conflict with Prussia to her needle guns, which shoot half a dozen times, while the Austrians can load and shoot once—before that wailing proclamation of Francis Joseph was issued:

"Supposing that at the date I am writing—namely, the 23d of June—it were possible for any one to be ignorant of the warlike state of affairs in Germany, that he did not read the papers nor frequent the beer-shops, he would not, from what meets his eye in the capital of the Hapsburgs, have the faintest suspicion that half-a-dozen German armies are now in the field, and about to engage in mortal combat with each other. In all public places of amusements are heard the sounds of music, not, it is true, the imposing strains of military bands, for these latter are more seriously employed, but those of civilian musicians, whose name here is legion. People eat and drink, laugh and joke, as usual, Even the tradesman, who has taken to look somewhat serious of late, and not without good cause, enjoys his beer, as though Herr von Bismark had never existed, and breech-loading rifles had never been introduced into the Prussian army. A striking proof of the apathy of the Viennese has just been furnished by Herr Theodore Flamm. This gentleman writes on matters connected with the lower classes, and has completed ere this, in the short period of three days, several farces on subjects given him by the public. He conceived the idea—a rather hazardous one, by the way, at the present time—of constructing a summer theatre at Dornbach, a charming little place not far from Vienna. No sooner did he conceive the idea, moreover, than he proceeded to carry it into execution, and, to judge from appearances, his speculation bids fair to turn out a success. Last Sunday a very pretty little theatre was opened in the Gartensalon, as it is styled, belonging to Herr Henke's establishment, the entertainment consisting of a *piece de circonstance*, entitled "*Ein neues Unternehmen in Dornbach*," written by Herr Flamm himself; the burlesque, "*Ein ruhige Parthei*;" and the farce "*Europa beim Friseur*." All pieces were exceedingly well received, and the opening must be pronounced a hit. The most prominent members of the company are Herren Flamm, Schneider, and Mlle. Langhof, a very pleasing chambermaid. At Treumann's Theatre, Szigligetti's "*Czikos*," the well-known Hungarian national piece, has been produced to introduce, as the hero, Herr Czernits, who greatly distinguished himself both as a singer and as an actor. He was well supported by Herr Teweke and Mlle. Fiedler but the house was only moderately attended.—With the exception of al-

most daily performance of some or other of the numerous smaller vocal associations, the members of which confine themselves generally to the best known and most popular choruses, there is scarcely anything doing in the way of art."

Signor Randegger, a somewhat celebrated vocal teacher in London, requests the *World*, to deny a report that he intended fighting in his native land for L'Italia Una.

If dame rumor spoke truly, when she declared Grisi's voice to be exhausted, as exhibited at Mapleson's opera this season, then concert attendants must have queer tastes in musical performance, as she invariably receives applause in concert halls, even from very fastidious publics. At Sydenham Palace on July 4th, she participated in a ballad concert with Parepa, Santley, Hohler, &c., before 10,979 hearers and is recorded as "unable to resist the enthusiastic demands for a repetition of her pieces on each occasion of her appearance," while Parepa got one encore only. That vocalist is allowed to have a good voice and knows how to use it. She gets one encore from near eleven thousand hearers, while Grisi rejected at Mapleson's, on pretence that she no longer has a voice, is in the great orchestra at Sydenham Palace, encored whenever a chance is afforded the audience to do so, and that with enthusiasm which could not be resisted.

The interior fittings of Margate's new hall are estimated to cost £3,000.

Rose Hersee's third and last matinee, at Collard's saloon—London—was marked by a new and elegant harp solo, written and played by F. Chatterton, styled the "*The Nymph's Revel*," which is said to be a most original and effective piece.

Lehmeyer's concert there, had an overflowed audience, including Alfred Jaell, who came expressly to hear Lehmeyer play his "*La Carilla*."

Two Gallic tenors are recorded to have sung there in first-rate Gallic style. Mottes and Lefort, the parties indicated, may deem that a rather equivocal compliment.

London would seem to have been less fortunate in hearing Ardititi's "*L'Estasi*" than New York, as it was noticed at his grand concert in Mapleson's opera house, as sung for the first time, and being a perfect gem was greatly admired, even to rivalry with his time honored "*Il Bacio*."

The London Glee and Medrigal Union closed their season before a crowded audience in St. James Hall with remarkable success.

Grisi sang at Mlle. Pacini's second matinee "*The Minstrel Boy*" was encored and then recalled after singing "*Home Sweet Home*" in response.

The *World*'s says, "a double compliment, richly merited, all things considered. That audience comprised a brilliant assemblage of fashionable who applauded Wienawski's violin playing and Mlle. Pacini's neat touch, very graceful style, and nice feeling in pianoforte performance."

Jules Mottes a tenor from L'Opera Comique," tried a *Matinee* at Collard's saloon and got a very fashionable assemblage, but little praise or applause.

Master Coker is said to have delighted the ladies present in "*Bid me discourse*," by the peculiar charm of his voice and style. Had he delighted the gentlemen in a like degree the applause would have been uproarious. The Sisters Georgi were as usual very popular with all with all their audience.

Miss Helen Hogarth's annual concert at St. James' Hall, being patronised by the Lord Mayor and wife and having a brilliant list of performers, naturally received critical attention. Parepa, Louisa Pyne, Reeves, Ennequist, Tom Hohler, Reichardt, Mme. Sherrington, with many distinguished instrumentalists took part in that concert and judging from report there was slight prospect of any benefit to Miss Hogarth, if all the performers were paid full or even half their demands.

Harold Thomas advertises, or his agents do for him, a new song which is said to be sung with unparalleled success, by Parepa and five